

## Honesty Really Is Always Best Policy

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

nothing about his motor cars and wines and cigars from Havana—depends upon selling his own brand of this or the other kind of thing, simply cannot tell the truth regarding his competitor's goods—or his competitor's character.

Honesty is the outward and personal manifestation of truth. Unless truth is respected utterly, and dominates all human affairs, there can be no such thing as honesty. And to me it seems clear that while competition is the rule of business real honesty is an unrealizable dream.

And business—so it also seems to me—will remain competitive just so long as business is regarded as primarily and principally as a means of making one's fortune, in greater or less degree. Yes, and I will even go further than this, and say that business will remain competitive—and hence ruthless and dishonest—just so long as business is regarded as a means of making one's livelihood, and a livelihood for our near and dear ones.

Do you ask if there can be a higher ideal than the duty of providing for one's family? I answer, yes, there can, and there is. Ignoble means not only are not sanctified by a good end, but they also make the reaching of the good end impossible. A business man who employs dishonesty as a means of reaching the end of providing for his family—using the argument to himself that he must do as others do, or go down in the fight, but publicly denying that he ever is dishonest—such a man simply does not provide for his family, no matter how well he feeds and clothes and "educates" its members.

We do not live by bread alone; nor are good clothes and a good house and a good "education"—as we misname the kind of schooling we give our children today—the only things that protect us and shelter us and aid us to make our way. Children ought to have more than that from their parents. They ought to be given the nourishment of high ideals, the super-substantial bread of truth, as well as the material things.

There can be no real health, and, therefore, no real prosperity and progress, unless all three sides of human nature are provided for—the physical, the mental and the spiritual. When the time arrives—as it must—that business is regarded primarily and principally as a means of supplying ourselves and one another with the good things of life—good food, good clothes, good houses, good books, good service of all kinds—because so we can best serve life, then will honesty, absolute honesty, the outward manifestation of truth, be recognized as the best policy in all respects.

Applied psychology in advertising is very much like literary art—it may be mighty good after its own manner, while far from good, or bad even to rottenness, from a moral point of view. In other words, dishonest advertising—like dishonesty in all things—is not permanent and creative; it is ephemeral and destructive even of what itself accomplishes. Honesty really is the best policy. We are on the way to its adoption.

Michael Williams

## Direct Cause of Pellagra Is Unsound Corn

By DR. E. M. HUMMEL, New Orleans

Having seen pellagra in Italy, where it has prevailed for generations, and having studied in Georgia and my home state, I am prepared to assert very positively that the direct cause of the ailment is in the consumption of moldy and unsound corn, caused by the harvesting of the grain when it was in a soft and immature state.

The correctness of this theory cannot be successfully disputed, for all the circumstances and facts connected therewith go to corroborate that position.

In certain parts of the south, where the people produce their own corn, and do not take it from the fields until it is thoroughly ripe, there is no record of pellagra. It cannot come from sound and well-matured ears.

In other southern states, like Mississippi and Texas, where the farmers devote all their attention to cotton planting and where they import their breadstuffs from the outside, the corn supply usually comes from the western states.

It is this western corn, I am satisfied, that produces pellagra. It is grown and harvested purely as a commercial proposition, and but scant attention is paid to the hygienic aspect of the matter. Just so it can pass muster in the market as a saleable product is enough for those who grow it only to sell.

The same causes have operated in the same way in those parts of southern Europe where the disease finds many victims. In Italy, for instance, they try to gather too many crops in a single season, and the corn, thus defectively cured, becomes a breeder of disease.

## Quail Are Scavengers of the Fields

By Philip A. Brown, Sterling, Ill.

Our legislators do not read the agricultural reports of the university at Champaign, which show that our various birds feed largely on the injurious insects so destructive to the crops of grain and fruit everywhere. The birds are the scavengers of the fields and the orchards.

Instead of granting a season of privilege to the reckless hunters, the law should make the shooting of all birds a finable offense.

Farmers should have conspicuous notices on fences and trees, "No Shooting, Under Penalty," and if the rascals persist in intrusion club them off.

Let us have the music and services of the birds, and let hunters who are hungry for that kind of meat raise Plymouth Rocks.

## Men Removing Coats in Woman's Presence

By Mrs. J. Carter, Blue Island, Ill.

There seems to be a great deal of discussion about men removing their coats in the presence of women. Why not be human? Why should a man be expected to wear a coat and vest when women have the privilege of wearing almost transparent waists to keep cool? Let the women vote on the subject.

I believe the majority of women would rather see men, including policemen and postmen, in a neat shirt waist or common, ordinary, clean negligee shirt than suffering with the heat in coats this hot weather.

It's about time that women quit "straining at gnats and swallowing camels."

Competition in business and truthfulness are mutually exclusive things. Where one is the other is not. A man whose bread and butter—and whose family's bread and butter—to say

## PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER AND HER FIANCE



The camera caught Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the president, and her fiancé, Francis R. Sayre, on their way to church in Cornish, N. H.

## JAYHAWKER'S TRIALS

Survivors Live Again 52 Death Valley Days.

Of the First White Persons to Cross the Desert in 1849 Only Four Are Now Living—Boiled Ox Hide for Soup.

San Francisco.—Of the hardships endured by the "jeyhawkers of '90," as the survivors of the first band of white people ever to cross Death valley are now called, little has been told. The memories of 52 days spent in the sands of the Mojave desert, with boiled ox hide for food, and water as an occasional luxury, however, are kept alive by the Jayhawkers' society, whose four members, one of them a woman nearly 100 years old, hold yearly meetings.

These meetings, preceded by a dinner, take place on the anniversary of the day in 1850 when the remnants of the party left the desert behind them and wandered, more dead than alive, into a Mexican rancho in the valley of the Santa Clara river, near the present site of Newhall, a southern Pacific station on the route to Mojave.

At the home of Mrs. Juliet W. Brier, the only woman of the party, who brought three children under the age of ten years with her on the journey, the remnant was held this year. She now lives at 94 Myrtle street, Santa Cruz.

Col. John B. Colton of Galeburg, Ill.; L. Dow Stephens of San Jose and John Grosscup of Laytonville now compose the rest of the Jayhawkers. Only three were present, as Mr. Grosscup has been unable to make the journey for a number of years on account of ill health. Absent in body, he has been present in spirit, sending a letter each time, which is read at the dinner.

In 1849, when the party started for California, Illinois was a frontier state, and west of there Indians were practically the only inhabitants. By the time they reached Salt Lake and the Mormon settlements practically all their cattle had been stampeded.

The desire of the Mormons to have some one break a wagon trail to southern California led them to advise the Jayhawkers to head for Los Angeles, says Colonel Colton, and the start across the desert was made against the advice of Kit Carson and other noted plainsmen. Hearing of the hardships of the Denver party, however, they hesitated at taking the route over the Sierras, and so, after waiting for six weeks in Salt Lake for the desert to cool off, they started southward.

Captain Hunt of the Mormon battalion of the Mexican war was engaged to lead them at a price of \$1,000 for 100 wagons. Nearly 200 persons were in the party at the beginning.

They soon found that they could eat the flesh of their cattle, and so a diet of oxen was begun, to continue until they reached California. These poor animals, scarcely more than skin and bones, were killed regularly, and the skin boiled until it was eatable. Possibly a pallid of blood was secured from each, and this made a blood pudding. By boiling the entrails, a dish on the order of tripe was made. There was no other food.

Three out of five water holes they reached contained alkali and so had to be passed by. Men and oxen alike dropped in their tracks, never to rise again. According to the account of Rev. Mr. Brier, husband of the "little woman," one man was left behind, unable to walk, and the party too

weak to assist him. When "Providence Spring" was reached they went back to look for him—he had crawled four miles on his hands and knees before he died. A second wandered away insane, a third fell dead without a groan, another staggered into one of the springs on the route, and died with the first taste of water on his lips. When his veins were cut open, a watery fluid bearing a faint resemblance to blood flowed out.

## MUSIC SAVES A MAN'S LIFE

Wrapped Around Carnival Manager, Snake Loosens Coils as Mile. La Beneto Plays Weird Tune.

Punxsutawney, Pa.—With the coils of a python 25 feet long tightening gradually around his body, James Harvey Stenger, manager for a carnival company, escaped being crushed to death only through the power of music to soothe the reptile after the efforts of six men had failed to dislodge it.

Mr. Stenger was superintending the unloading of a box of snakes when the python escaped. For an instant the reptile seemed to be dazed, and as Mr. Stenger took a stick and tried to push it through a door into a big glass cage the snake turned like a flash. In an instant the python entwined itself around Mr. Stenger, pinning his arms to his sides.

Six men went to Mr. Stenger's aid and attempted to pull the snake from his body. The folds of the big reptile, however, only drew closer, and Mr. Stenger was on the verge of a collapse, when Mile. La Beneto, who owns the reptile, appeared with a flagolet between her lips.

Stationing herself near the snake she began to play a low, weird melody, at the same time swaying her body to and fro gently. Raising its head, the python began to sway in rhythm with the player and the music, and gradually loosening its folds from Mr. Stenger it coiled on the ground with its head swinging from side to side.

Slowly approaching the snake Mile. La Beneto, still playing gently, forced it into the glass cage. In the meantime Mr. Stenger, who had toppled over unconscious when released from the folds of the snake, was revived and found to be uninjured.

## PREDICTED THE RUIN OF N. Y.

Yellow Invaders and Negroes Will Throw Dice for Spoils in 1914, Said Seer.

Paris.—There is much talk here of the death of one of the most picturesque figures in Europe, Maria Benita Frey, who breathed her last recently near Rome after having been bedridden 52 years. She is said to have made many predictions which were fulfilled with absolute accuracy, which gives a sinister significance to her last utterance dictated on her deathbed to the nuns:

"Before two years are past—about the end of 1914—yellow invaders and negroes will be throwing dice for the fate of the last American girl in Central Park, N. Y., amid the smoking ruins of the great city, given up to the idolatrous cult of the Golden Calix."

## Lightning Kills Mother.

Titusville, Pa.—Mrs. L. O. Bradley, wife of a prominent merchant here, was instantly killed by a bolt of lightning. When killed the woman carried a small baby and it was uninjured. The death occurred at the Bradley summer home at Mystic Park.

## CITY OF MYSTERIES

Over 20,000 Disappear Every Year in London.

Little Hope of Discovery—By Moving Around the Corner One Can Vanish Completely, Declares a Veteran Detective.

London.—The disappearance of the Memphis "millionaire," Joseph Wilberforce Martin, in the hidden depths of London has served to remind the whole world that the British capital is in many ways the best hiding place that anybody can utilize.

The city is so vast that the police can only investigate any case on well understood and well defined lines. A smart man learns these lines. He does not rush to the railroad depots to get knocked down by an auto and conveyed to a hospital. He does not take too much to drink and secrete himself in a police cell. He merely changes his name, his clothes and his address, and if he does not provoke feminine curiosity he is as safe in London as he would be in the desert of the Sahara.

The best proof of this will be found in the fact that on the day that J. W. Martin disappeared in London somewhere about fifty other persons vanished. A similar number were lost the day before, and a similar number the day after. But no outcry was raised on the subject.

"London does not boast or shout about its mysteries. It is only when something really dramatic happens and there are shrewd folks like the Americans concerned in the solution that a real big stir is made. Then one realizes with a start of surprise that somewhere about 20,000 men and women disappear every year within that puzzling conglomeration of towns and cities to which is given the magic name of 'London.'"

An outcry was raised over the disappearance of Antanas Vedeckis, a wealthy Lithuanian, who came to London on business in January, and on the 17th of that month visited a friend, a priest, and has not been seen since. Yet he was a man of forty, could speak English fairly well, and had a physique that few "toughs" would care to tackle in the daylight. He had about \$10,000 in his possession and facilities for obtaining more money if he wished to do so.

Some time ago two girl students took rooms together in the west end. One night they were hanging pictures and they found they had run short of nails. "I'll go out and get some," one said. She went, just as she was, without hat or coat, to a little store round the corner, while her companion set about preparing the evening meal. The girl never returned. Inquiries showed that she did not visit the store, and she has not been heard of since.

"London has cloaks enough to hide us all," Sherlock contends. "If you want to disappear all you need do is to move around the corner. Very few people in the metropolis are on speaking terms with those who live in the next flat or in the next house. There have been several cases in recent years of policemen having resided in the same block as men who were wanted for some notorious crime, and there is an instance on record of a wealthy ex-convict who vanished, assumed a disguise and another name, became a property owner and actually leased a house to the judge who some years before had sentenced him to penal servitude."

## RETURNS TO THE OLD HOME

Kentucky Farmer Gives Goose to a Friend but She Returns Next Day.

Louisville, Ky.—A Kentucky farmer gave a goose to a friend who lived six miles away. The goose was put into a bag and carried in a wagon, a river separating the two farms. On



the afternoon of the next day the goose was seen walking up the hill to her former owner's home, having swam the river and walked the entire distance during the night. That goose wasn't given away again, you may be sure.

## BOOT TOO TIGHT, SNAKE IN IT

After Returning to Farmhouse From Feeding Chickens Woman Makes Unpleasant Discovery.

Junction City, Kan.—Mrs. Grover Filby, wife of a farmer near Skiddy, raises ducks. Mrs. Filby also has a pair of rubber boots that she wears when attending to her charges. When not in use the boots are left lying on the porch.

In the morning, when Mrs. Filby slipped them on, she noticed that one of them was rather tight, but did not pull it off to investigate, as she supposed that the children had stuffed paper or rags into the toe, as a joke on her.

She looked after the ducks and returning to the house, pulled off the boots. From the tight one dropped a snake.

Mrs. Filby has no recollection of how large the serpent was or its kind.

## THE CHILDREN



## THOUSANDS OF DRAGON FLIES

Queer Sight Witnessed by a French Naturalist While Making a Tour Through Morbihan.

A professor of zoology at Lille, M. Charles Barrios, was making a tour through Morbihan, in France. As he was walking along the road he noticed that a multitude of dragon flies were alighting on the telegraph wires. The singular thing about it was that they all rested at an equal distance from each other, and all occupied the same position, with head turned toward the west.

From all sides the dragon flies arrived and always placed themselves in the same position, and at the same distance from each other. They remained as if glued to the wire, motionless and paralyzed. Each new arrival flew over the fixed bodies of the others and took its place in the line.

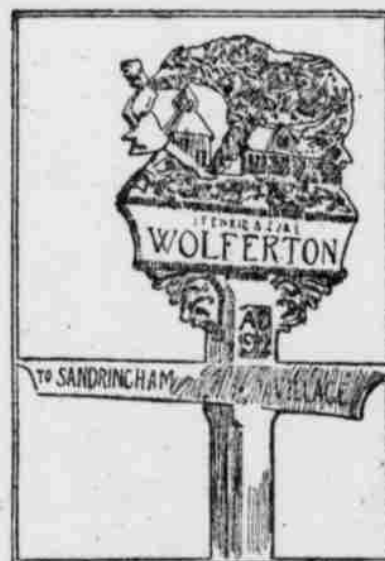
This chain stretched itself out toward the west, and turned toward the setting sun. Professor Barrios followed the route for a long distance and found the same strange phenomenon. He estimated the number at 60,000, at least. At an abrupt turn of the road to the south, the telegraph line turned also. There not a dragon fly was in sight! The wire was absolutely free from them! With the change of direction it seemed to have lost attraction for them.

Was this chance? Did the electric currents running from the east to the west exercise any influence upon these insects? Was it the solar reflection? Explain it, who can. In any case it would be interesting to know whether this phenomenon be an isolated one or not.

## KING'S SIGNPOST IS QUAIN

Surmounted by Device in Oak, Depicting the God Tyr and the Great Mythological Wolf.

The illustration shows a signpost remarkable for its decorative qualities which King George of England has just had erected by the roadside near Wolferton railway station on the Sandringham estate. The post is surmounted by a device in oak, carved, painted, and gilded, depicting the god



A King's Signpost.

Tyr trying to wrench his arm from the jaws of Fenrir, the great mythological wolf of the old Norsemen, after whom, it is supposed, Wolferton was named. The wolf was symbolical of Fate. In the background is a representation of the gilded rooms of Asgard.

## RIDDLES.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?  
Because they live by hook or by crook.

Why is a thief picking a corner's pocket reminded of a line in Othello?  
Because "who steals his purse steals trash."

Why is a shoeblack like an editor?  
Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

Why is a whisper like a forged note?  
Because it is uttered but not aloud (allowed).

When is a sheep like ink?  
When you take it up into the pen.

What is the best way to keep a man's love?  
Not to return it.

What is a button?  
A small event that is always coming off.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer?  
Hardships.

Why is an ass the most unfortunate creditor?  
Because he gets nothing in the pound.

Why have we reason to doubt the Giant's causeway?  
Because Ireland abounds with sham rocks.

## NEAR AFTER-DINNER TRICKS

Really Interesting Scientific Experiment Showing How Compressed Air May Be Used.

An apparently empty bottle may be made to blow out a candle. The trick is really an interesting scientific experiment, showing how compressed air, directly the pressure which confines it is removed, tends to assume the normal density of the atmosphere. We take an ordinary bottle and, seeing that it is empty and dry, we place the ball of the thumb over the mouth with just a small aperture uncovered. Then, placing our mouth to this, we blow steadily and continuously into the bottle.

The result is that the air in the bottle is compressed. When we take our mouth away we insure that no air shall escape by instantly closing the whole aperture with the ball of the thumb which is already pressed over part of the opening.

Now we invert the bottle and, placing the mouth against the flame of a lighted candle, we remove so much of our hand as will make an opening sim-



Blowing Out Candle.

ilar to that into which we blew. The result is that the compressed air, directly the pressure is removed, rushes out and blows upon the flame. It is well to use a small candle, as if we have a large candle with a big flame the pressure may not be sufficient to extinguish the flame. If we perform the trick in front of a number of spectators we must not let them see us blow into the bottle. This part of the performance can be done outside the room, and we can bring the bottle in with our thumb over the opening, keeping it there till the moment when we want to release the air. This can be done in such a way as not to attract notice.

## METALS DEARER THAN GOLD

Iridium, for instance, is Three Times as Expensive—Osmium is Dearer and Heavier.

Gold is generally looked on as the last word in costliness, but, as a matter of fact, there are more metals dearer than gold than there are cheaper. The number of known metals is about seventy.

Iridium, for instance, of which a big find was made the other day in Austria, is three times as expensive as gold. Gold is worth nearly \$20 an ounce. Iridium is worth some \$62, though the price will probably come down now.

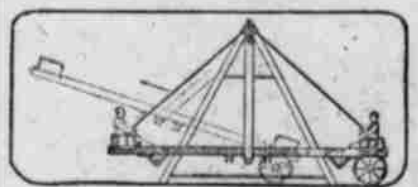
Osmium is another metal much dearer than gold. It costs about \$50 an ounce. It is by far the heaviest of all known substances, being more than 22 times as heavy as water. If pennies were made of osmium it would tax one's strength to carry the change of half a dollar. This metal has the peculiar property of being able to stand without melting the most intense heat known.

Palladium, about \$40 an ounce, is just the reverse. It is quite easy to make palladium vanish in steam. Being of a white, silvery color, and untarnishable, it is used for the division marks on scales and delicate scientific instruments.

## VEHICLE SWING IS INVENTED

Mechanical Device Affords Exhilarating Exercise and Considerable Amusement for All.

The Scientific American in describing a vehicle swing, invented by O. Zimmerman of Los Angeles, Cal., says: The object of the inventor is to provide a mechanical swing arranged to provide an exhilarating exercise and considerable amusement to young and old using the swing, to insure safety in



Vehicle Swing.

the use of the vehicle swing and to guard against a tendency of producing dizziness of the user. For the purpose named, use is made of a suspended link pivotally supporting at its lower end a supporting frame provided at one end with wheels and seats, the wheels being adapted to travel on the ground, on the floor, or rails or other suitable support.

## Careful Parent.

"Tommy, when can I interview your scout captain?"  
"I'll make an engagement for you, dad. What do you want?"  
"Want to see if there is anything in the rules to prevent your putting in a ton of coal tomorrow afternoon."

Holding Out for a Concession.  
"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"  
"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"